THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

NEWS LETTER

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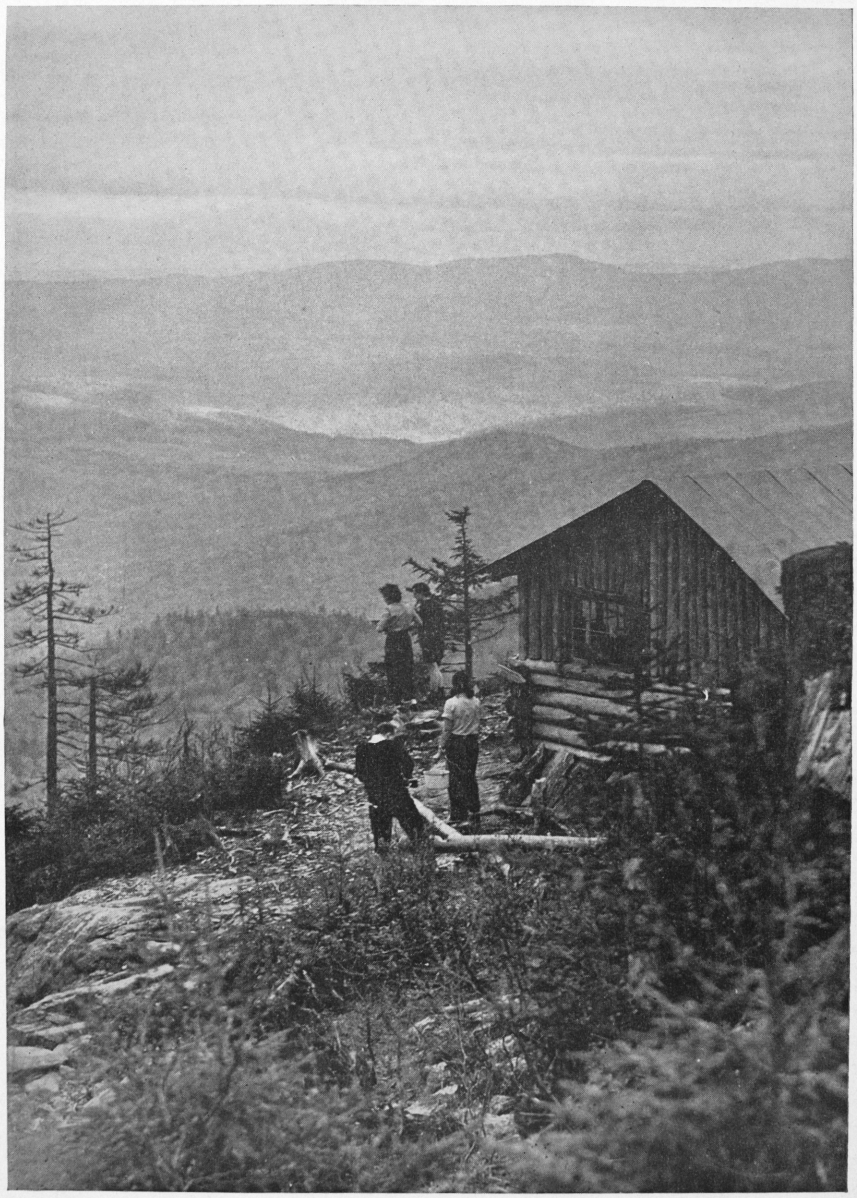


Glen Ellen Lodge

Subjects and Predicates

Surprise

The reading of a fifty word letter by President Moody at the Class Day Barbecue eclipsed all other 1939 Commencement events. Speeches made at class dinners, fraternity reunions, the Phi Beta Kappa banquet, Baccalaureate, and Commencement would easily fill two neat leather-bound volumes but the fifty words will out-page them in the next Middlebury history. There was an important list of honoraries, including: Vannevar Bush, President of the Carnegie Institution, Washington, LL.D.; Philip Battell Stewart, Colorado Springs, LL.D.; James Madison Barker, vice president and director of Sears Roebuck & Co., D.Sc.; Arnold Bowerman Swift, '22, M.A.; and Mrs. Mary Billings French, National President of the Young Women's Christian Association, M.A., but twenty minutes after Commencement the average alumnus couldn't fit the right degrees to three of the recipients, whereas anyone could give an accurate precis of the letter. In the excitement over the letter, people forgot that the class of 1904 won the McCullough Cup, that 1899 and 1919 were only runners-up. By comparison, the first Commencement Phi Beta Kappa banquet faded into obscurity, the faking of the daisy chain with spirea became unimportant, the number of honeymooning alumni on campus inconspicuous, a terrific Sunday thunderstorm unnoticed.

The letter:

319 W. 103rd Street,
New York, N. Y.
June 9, 1939

The President and Fellows of
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vermont.

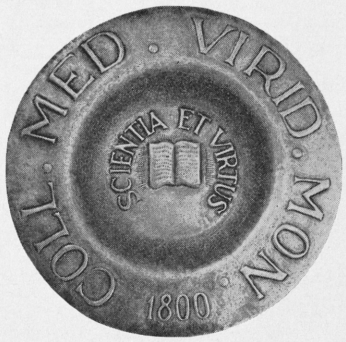
Dear Sirs:

It is my intention to build a hall in honor of my beloved husband for the use of the boys of Middlebury College, to be known as "The *James M. Gifford Memorial Hall for Boys*," the construction of which shall, according to his wishes, follow the plan used by Mr. A. Barton Hepburn.

Sincerely yours,
s/ Mrs. James M. Gifford.

Hammered Pewter

On Class Day, June 15, 1940, after gorging themselves on barbecued ham



served under the big top, three alumni who have distinguished themselves "for faithful and active participation in alumni affairs, or assistance in extending the usefulness, influence and prestige of the College, will be called forward and each presented with a handsome pewter bowl. Each recipient will note that the fourteen-inch memento is inscribed with his name, the date, the college seal and the legend "presented by the Associated Alumni of Middlebury College for meritorious service to the College."

A committee, consisting of Sanford H. Lane, Arthur K. D. Healy, and Judge Thomas H. Noonan, worked out the plan of award between the November 1939 meeting of the Alumni Council and the Commencement meeting in June. Not more than three awards will be made in any one college year; they will be presented at the Commencement Alumni Luncheon or any other times as determined by the Council; and the person to whom the award is voted must appear in person to collect it.

Since there is no clause in the report to indicate that the recipient is to be notified in advance, you'd better circle June 15, on your calendar pad now.

Catalogues by Request

As a general economy policy, catalogues are sent to alumni on alternate years. This is the off year. Catalogues will be sent only on request. Major changes: Dr. Harrington becomes professor-emeritus of Philosophy after twenty-six years in the department and Dr. Hillis Kaiser is the new chairman. Professor Cornwall who headed the Political Science department for a decade is now chairman of the State Public Service Commission but will continue as lecturer in Political Science; the chairmanship falls to Associate Professor Walter Bogart. Mr. Alan Carter, director of the Vermont Symphony, and Mr. Dan P. Dickinson are added to the Music Department. There is a redistribution of courses in music with all members of the department together developing a new presentation of Introduction to Music. There is also a reshuffle of titles and content in Economics, a new course given by Professor Cline in American Thought and Culture, four new courses in Bible, conducted by Assistant Professor Robert Davis, who has been transferred from the History department to English. In general the tendency is fewer courses, more alternates. A reproduction of Joseph Battell's portrait is featured on the cover of the women's catalogue and a drawing of an 1810 class in Natural Philosophy, the cover of the men's issue.

Dramatics in Education

Teachers who have charge of school and community play production will be eager to secure a new brochure by Professor V. Spencer Goodreds, entitled "Dramatics in Education." The booklet includes the syllabus for a course in high school dramatics, sources of information on plays and production material, a valuable topical bibliography, charts on organization of dramatics, notes on casting policies and programs, a long list of plays suitable for amateur production and an excellent glossary of play production terms. Price 75 cents. Middlebury College Press.

Bury, Burg

Middlebury, Vt. (pop. 2,968), is the largest Middlebury in the world. In fact there are far fewer Middleburys to offer competition than is generally supposed—only three in the United States, not counting Middlebury Cen-

ter, Penna. (pop. 140)—whereas there are seventeen Middletowns, according to a reputable atlas, eight Middletons, six Middleburgs. Middlefields, Middleboros, Middlevilles, Middleports, and Middlesexes are as common to cartographers as Middlebury. New York is more fond of middles than any other state with a burg, a Falls, a Grove, an Island, a port, a sex, a town, and a ville. Arizona has a Middlemarch; Arkansas and Virginia Middlebrooks; Illinois a Middleworth; Kentucky a Middlefork; Maine a Middledam; Maryland and Minnesota a Middle River; New Jersey a Middlebush and Middle Valley; Ohio a Middlebass and Middlepoint; Pennsylvania a Middle Creek; Texas a Middlewater, West Virginia a Middlebourne and Wisconsin a Middle Inlet.

Information on Middlebury Center, Penna., isn't available but the other three Middleburys all have the same lineage, with Middlebury, Conn., the sire. Settlers from near Middlebury, Conn., founded Middlebury, Vt., approximately halfway between New Haven and Salisbury as it was in the nutmeg state. And migrants from near Middlebury, Vermont, in turn organized the township of Middlebury, Indiana, in 1834. The population of Middlebury, Conn., has shrunk to 1449, and Middlebury, Indiana, to 599.

All these Middles cause the post offices plenty of time, trouble and trial. Postal clerks at Middlebury, Conn., get pretty tired of writing on unclaimed letters: "Try Vermont," and the confusion over burgs and buries, tons and towns is still more complicated, but Uncle Jim Farley didn't prompt us to write this.

Honorable Mentions

Once more the *News Letter* goes down as a thoroughly second rate sheet. When the annual alumni magazine awards were announced at the twenty-fifth annual conference of the American Alumni Council in Swampscott, Mass., last June, Middlebury apparently received more "mentions" than any of the other four or five hundred. The report:

"For the best treatment and quality of news of university or collegiate activities.

Yale—1st

Middlebury—Honorable Mention

"For the best editorial concerning alumni association activities.

Smith—1st

Middlebury—2nd (Editorial entitled 'Building Plan,' September 1938)

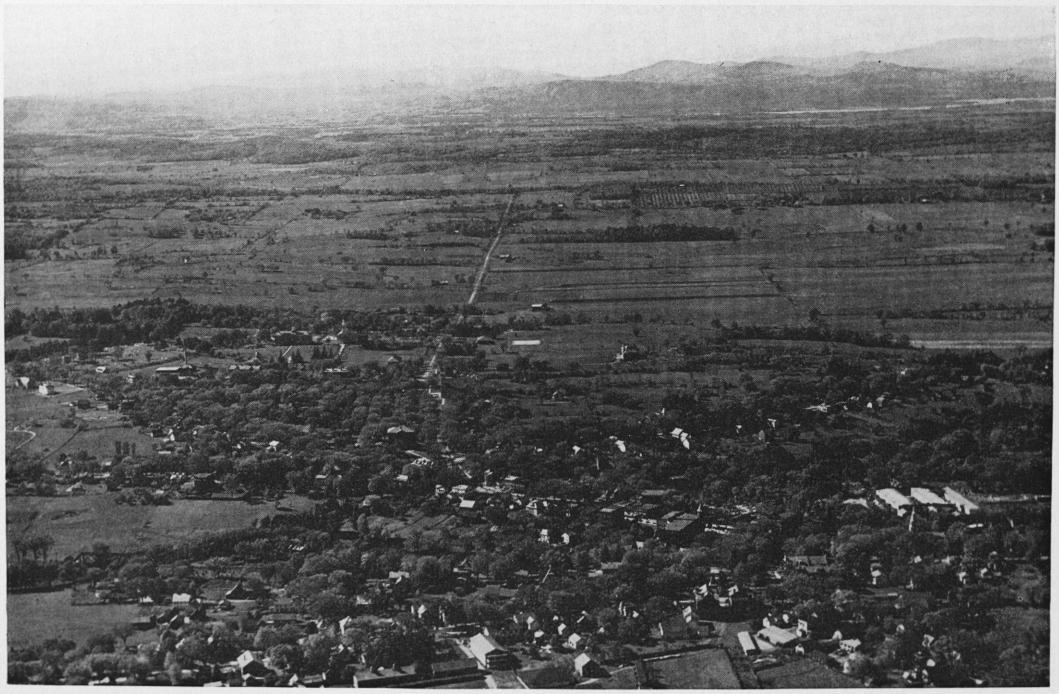
"For the best diversification and quality of major articles, news articles excepted.

Blanket finish with McGill, Middlebury, California and Dartmouth rating about equally well.

The committee had to make a choice and finally gave Dartmouth first place with honorable mention to the others."

Anthology

The most venturesome guesses regarding the reception of the Bread Loaf Anthology proved conservative last July; nearly a thousand copies had been ordered, reserved or sold before publication, and scores of book shops all over the country from Vermont to Tennessee and from Texas to California were carrying them. According to sales lists, the least interested clientele were Middlebury alumni and alumnae who accounted for less than five per cent of orders from the College Press.



Biggest Middlebury

The book was given a send-off on July 15th at Bread Loaf where a hundredth birthday party was spread for Joseph Battell to whom the volume is dedicated. Present at the party were such distinguished literary company as Jorge Guillén, greatest contemporary Spanish poet, Robert Frost, greatest contemporary American poet, Donald Davidson, Theodore Morrison, Viola C. White, who read her long poem "Joseph Battell Replies to a Southern Correspondent" and Florida Watts Smyth who read from her prize winning selections "Only on the West Wind." Mr. Frost who had come to the dinner armed, as he claimed, with a promise that he wouldn't have to open his mouth, finally acquiesced and in two great poetic whiffs extinguished the hundred candles that illumined the four-strata birthday cake.

Fair Rhyme

The only very conspicuous contribution by a Middleburian to the World's Fair is a poem by John Godfrey Saxe. During the past two or three decades the literary flood lights that used to play on Saxe have been so completely shifted to contemporary Edgar Guests, that our greatest 19th century versifier has been retired to the wings. To 20th century alumni he is hardly more than a name and undergraduates keep asking why their literary quarterly is labeled *Saxonian*. But a World's Fair scenarist to whom he was more than a name, dug up "Rhyme on the Rail," dressed it up with music, show girls, obsolete coaches, and puffing engines and produced a hit for "Railroads on Parade." We've tried to get a picture of these trimmings, but since the publicity people wouldn't come across in time, the poem will have to be served up raw.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different "stations"
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Traveling together!

Gentleman in shorts,
Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in Tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

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Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the alumni or alumnae secretaries; other contributions to the editor.

The News Letter is the official organ of the Associated Alumni and of the Alumnae Association of Middlebury College. It is published by the College at Middlebury, Vermont, quarterly, in September, December, March, and June, and was entered as second-class matter November 15, 1932, at the Middlebury post-office under Act of Congress, August 24, 1912.

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith he's got the KNICKER-
BOCKER Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks!
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
SHE is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-à-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling;
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

All this occurs in Act IV, Scene 2, entitled "The Day Coach of Yesteryear." The program explains that the locomotive appearing on the stage during the scene is the Thatcher Perkins (1863), built for mountain service of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the mail car was the first ever used in the United States.

Verbatim Football Interview

Well, Coach, what are the prospects?

I look for a better team than last year. (Remember I told you then that 1938 was a low point due mostly to a small group of seniors.) However, the results, as shown by the scores, may not be as good this year.

I don't entirely follow you, although your pessimism is readily recognizable.

Please let me pause a moment and reflect on that last. Football coaches are not different from other individuals and I am certain they are not a separate breed from the coaches of other sports. Some are dour by nature, some blue by necessity of protecting their jobs and reputations under pressure, and all experienced coaches cautious due to so many unknown factors determining the result of their work.

But you were pretty low in spirit in 1936 and the team went through undefeated and untied?

Yes, and perhaps if I hadn't been blue at the start of the season we might not have done so well. You may remember we were very happy in the summer of '35 and had a wealth of material but had one victory, one tie, and six defeats. In the fall of '36 most of our regulars had graduated and the entire squad numbered only thirteen men just a week before the opening game with Union.

Then what was the principal reason for the successful season?

We had a great captain and a small group of good football players who wanted to win badly enough to sacrifice money, time, and pleasures to that goal. There was no jealousy of race, creed, fraternity, or credit; just thirteen men united in a crusade. In over twenty years of coaching, "Bill" Craig and that team stand out as the one combination of an ideal captain with an ideal spirit in the team.

But you imply there are other unknown factors aside from those of spirit and esprit de corps?

Yes, some of these are the worth of new men, injuries to key men, mental lapses, dropped punts, penalties at critical times, the weather, strength of the opposition, and success or failure in love. The coach cannot gauge the effect of these unknowns and the strength or weakness of the team, except relatively and in a general way.

This is all very interesting but let's have something definite about the team.

Since you pin me down I'll try to give you the inside dirt. Last fall we had prospects for a good line and green backfield. The line lived up to expectations except at Colby and the backs had their good days especially against Vermont. This year the line looks spotty from the distance of this second balcony seat and the backfield seems to glow with a rather rich old patina.

Suppose you spill the unpleasant news first.

Well, if we start with the center spot, the tidings are unpleasant only to the enemy ball carriers. Captain Stabile is not precisely an expert rifle man with his passes but he slays them on defense. "Dave" Fitzgerald is a dependable substitute. Jaques and Vartuli, left and right guards, leave little to be desired. Thomas was almost the latter's equal and will be missed. King will be right in there unless his leg goes bad again. There are no others who appear better than fair at present.

I asked for pain but my eyes are dry and a smile on my lips.

Pipe down, brother, you ain't heard nothing yet. Profy was shifted to tackle last year and was a great solace to the neurotic coach. "Bull" Murray, regular tackle, Kinsey and Boardman, first-class substitutes, all are *summa cum laude*, anyway they're gone. The others appear too slow, too small, too green, or too something.

Oh well, a good end and guard will bolster up that one weak tackle.

Your words have some merit, comrade, but where is the good end? Kirk is already a tycoon of the steel industry and Berry a cocoon in the library. Krauszer came near being with Berry and so may volunteer to share his fate. I hope there are four *great* ends on the squad but the only good one I can see is Tupka, now a back.

Truly, this message is gall and wormwood; is there no relief from this misery?

Courage, you near the end of your anguish. Boyd Carr graduated and Mayo is gone, but all other backs are firm of flesh and have enlisted for a further tour of duty. Bertuzzi, John Fitzgerald, Tupka, Jack Johnson, and Mahoney, starters in most games, were backed by Cole, VanGaasbeck and Lee Johnson. . . . Chapman, a transfer, *rara avis*, or "Bing" Miller, sophomore, just might fill little Boyd Carr's shoes. Zydik, Clapper, and one or two other sophomores look good. Wishinski, frosh captain and center, seems slated for a backfield post where he can use his line backing talents to advantage. He can play any line position and I suspect any one of the eleven. I see a broad grin on your face as you ponder the effect of Stabile and Wishinski, twin demons of destruction, behind that not too good line.

Middlebury College Football Schedule for 1939

College	*Place*	*Date*	1938 *Scores* Midd.	*Opp.*
Williams	Williamstown	Sept. 30	0	13
Tufts	Middlebury	Oct. 7	10	0
Union	Schenectady	Oct. 14	not played	
Colby	Middlebury	Oct. 21	21	38
Norwich	Middlebury	Oct. 28	9	0
Hartwick	Oneonta	Nov. 4	8	6
*U. S. Coast Guard Academy	New London	Nov. 10	7	0
Univ. Vermont	Burlington	Nov. 18	7	0

*Night Game.

ALUMNI HOMECOMING---OCTOBER 28

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Middlebury

By VIOLA C. WHITE, Ph. D., *Curator Abernethy Library, Middlebury College*

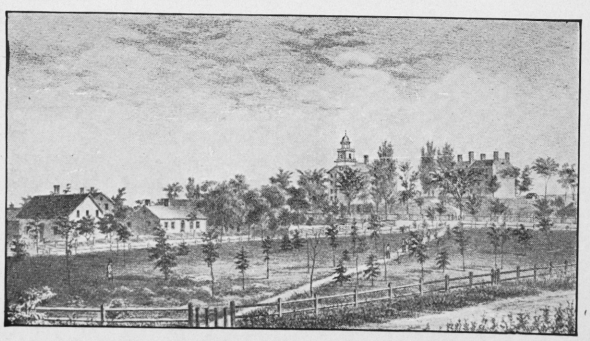
NOTE:—The vague tradition that the leader of the Transcendentalists appeared in Middlebury during the height of his career has been definitely localized in the research which follows. The publication of Dr. Ralph L. Rusk's scholarly six-volume edition of Emerson's *Letters* has made it possible, through references therein contained to Emerson's Middlebury addresses of 1845 and 1868, to consult the newspaper material for those dates. The address which he gave here in 1864 is not mentioned in the *Letters*, (although it is briefly referred to in Appendix F of J. E. Cabot's *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, II, 406 and in Emerson. *Lectures*, X, 535), but the Commencement program of 1864 led to its discovery, after which it could be located, in more detail in the *Register* account, and in the volumes heretofore mentioned.

"AS USUAL at this season of the year," wrote Emerson to his friend Carlyle on July 31st, 1841, "I, incorrigible spouting Yankee, am writing an oration to deliver to the boys in one of our little country colleges." Four years later it might have been to Middlebury that he referred. Though one pictures Emerson as lecturer usually in connection with lyceum or pulpit, the American college was also served by him faithfully in this capacity for a quarter of a century. Before Middlebury College invited him in 1845 Dartmouth, Harvard and Waterville College, Maine, had already listened to his disturbing eloquence, as later on Wesleyan, Tufts, Williams and the University of Virginia were to listen.

Upon three separate occasions the sage of Concord appeared for Commencement Week in Middlebury, and addressed the College. In 1845, in 1864, and 1868, assembled audiences of Philomathesians and their friends heard the great Transcendentalist with mingled disapproval and delight.

The delight needs no accounting for today. Perhaps the disapproval does. It can be explained by a glance at the respective religious biographies of Emerson and of Middlebury. After surviving more than one religious awakening, with two-thirds of her student body "hopefully pious," in 1836, the very year that Emerson was publishing his pantheistic "Nature," Middlebury attained the peak of religious repentance under the evangelist Rev. Jedediah Burchard. In 1845 the College still remained a stronghold of Pauline orthodoxy. In 1845 Emerson was known throughout the nation not only as a writer of genius and a distinguished orator, but as a voluntarily unfrocked priest who had resigned his Church rather than administer the Lord's Supper, and a stirrer-up of theological tempest among the Unitarians by reason of his unorthodox Divinity School address at Cambridge. That a college as religiously conservative as Middlebury should have invited this dangerous and delightful person upon three separate occasions would seem to indicate more latent liberalism in the Green Mountains than appeared upon the surface.

All three times he spoke under the auspices of the literary group of the College, the Philomathesian Society ("Lovers of Learning"), and each time his address preceded the Commencement exercises proper by a day or so. The earliest date, July 22, 1845, he announces in a letter to his brother William: "Tomorrow I go to Middlebury for Tuesday next." The subject of this address, delivered before an academic audience, was, appropriately enough, "The Educated Man." Its author thought well enough of it to repeat it at Wesleyan, for he writes to James E. Cabot on Aug. 3, 1845:



Middlebury College as Emerson saw it in 1845

"I have been making a literary speech to the students of Middlebury College, and have now a similar errand this week at Middletown in Connecticutt." Of his Middletown reception upon this occasion Emerson writes amusingly to his wife: "I dined with

the College and was curiously perhaps diplomatically placed at table so that whilst so immediately near to the President and dignitaries that my dignity, if I had any, could not complain, I was yet so completely insulated, that my heresy, if heresy I had, were it ever so wolfish, could not bite or inoculate anybody with venom." Of his Middlebury reception he says no word.

Fortunately, the papers were less reticent. The *New York Daily Tribune* of Aug. 4, 1845 informed its readers that "notwithstanding the prejudices entertained in this region with regard to the peculiar views of the Transcendentalists, the earnest and eloquent exposition of the natural functions of the scholar and educated man by Ralph Waldo Emerson was listened to with an intensity of interest and pleasure, rarely observed on such an occasion."

The Northern Galaxy, published weekly in Middlebury, which later became the Middlebury *Register*, followed Vermont tradition by tempering its praise with censure:

"The manner and style of Mr. Emerson is highly cultivated and polished. His address was of the high transcendental character; and whatever may be said of its literary merits, we know that many christian hearts were pained at some expressions which were nothing short of pantheistic atheism." (July 30, 1845)

In 1845 Emerson is not mentioned upon the program of events. In 1864 announcement is given in the Commencement program "Tuesday, August 9. Address before the Philomathesian Society, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, Mass." *The Register's* report on this occasion, unlike its other two accounts, gives an adequate description both of Emerson's personal appearance and of the address:

"On Tuesday morning Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq., addressed the Philomathesian Society. The house was well filled, to hear the distinguished writer of far more than national fame. Those who had never seen the gentleman were doubtless surprised to see in the desk a tall, spare, ordinary looking man of more than fifty. A small head, thin silvery hair, an unexpansive brow, sunken cheeks, a restless eye, yet not remarkable in the first impression—these are the most noticeable of Mr. Emerson's features. But when the speaker rises, glances over his audience, utters his first words, and seems to be warming for an hours work, there is seen an eye clear, brilliant, deep, whose owner, you know at once, must be a thinker, whether his thoughts be right or wrong."

"The topic of Mr. Emerson's address may perhaps be stated as the Value and Cultivation of Thought. The power and advantages of the scholar were laid before young men in terse suggestive sentences, and with the added weight of a scholar's voice."

"The auxiliaries to study were dwelt upon at some length, and in the order of the speaker are as follows: Sleep, Solitude (the solitude of nature and absolute solitude), Conversation, Poetry and Facts. No brief notice can justly represent the style and character of this address. It praised and commended continuity, but was not connected closely. With brilliancy, if not always with correctness, the mind of the orator flew from thought to thought, opening a sparkling vista to the imagination of the hearer, only to close it as quickly by revealing another as attractive. Thus we followed him with a peculiar pleasure as he flashed from point to point, hinting at the ideas which he had not time, and probably not the disposition, carefully to elaborate and arrange.

"The teachings of Middlebury College are quite opposed to Emersonian notions and eccentricities but on this occasion we believe the gentleman was not merely unexceptional, but in his way very acceptable." (Aug. 17, 1864)

This year of 1864 was of course the year when Civil War excitement reached its height, and the other speaker of the occasion, Rev. Truman M. Post, who addressed the College the same day, dwelt much upon "the stormy times in which we live" and the Providential scheme of depopulating the towns of Vermont and other New England states through western migration in order that New England ideas, thus transplanted, might sway the great Northwest to the side of the north.

In 1868, Emerson's third appearance at Middlebury, the Commencement program includes: "Tuesday, August 11. Forenoon. Address before the Philomathesian Society, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Esq." On this occasion, when the subject was "Greatness, as Developed by the Heroic Student," both [*Continued on page 20*]

Remarks on Xenophobia

By PIERRE DE LANUX, *French Journalist and Political Writer, Paris Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting System, Visiting Professor in the Middlebury French School, 1939*

WHEN you are listening to a fellow-citizen who is busily tearing to pieces a foreign nation and its people, you have a choice between two courses. (Personally, I prefer a third one.)

First, you may protest, in the name of Truth. In some circles, this is considered courageous, in others paradoxical, in others even fashionable. (You cannot, however, be all of these things at once.) You may act as a champion for the victim nation, extoll its virtues and even go all the way and emphasize the bad points concerning your own nation, thus restoring the balance.

Pierre de Lanux

It is not a good method. At the end of a ten-minute conversation, nothing decent remains to be found about either country. For everyone it is humiliating and bitter. Moreover, it gives your opponent the more advantageous position, that of a patriot defending the honor of his homeland, and it places *you* in a most objectionable light.

Second choice: You may agree in a sort of indolent fashion. Yes, he is right. Yes, those foreigners are without an excuse. Vaguely, you may try for a diversion: their mountains are lovely, their folk-songs are thrilling; let's be charitable, everybody can't be as admirable as we are, etc.

This method rapidly brings a conversation to an end, with no result achieved.

Third possible attitude: why not, following gentle but clever tactics, give the speaker enough encouragement to cause him to reveal and display the full extent of his prejudices? Very soon the result is likely to be remarkably funny.

He was cautious at first, for fear of being disparaging toward a possible Russian grandmother, or a Venezuelan uncle by marriage, or a Scandinavian sweetheart. With a bit of help on your part, he will perhaps throw aside all embarrassment or hesitation, and give you the real lowdown on all these races and nations.

If he is an American, you are likely to hear within a comparatively short time that Germany is barbarous, Japan savagely aggressive, France unfaithful, Russia threatening, the Latins without morals, the Slavs without efficiency, the Germanic race without tact, the yellow race capable of all crimes and the black race incapable of any virtue.

If he is a Frenchman, he may be the kind to whom Germany is the hereditary enemy (Erbfeind); the Englishman is always selfish and hypocritical; the Russian holds a knife between his teeth and is about to set fire to all four corners of the world if we don't watch out; as for the Italian, he will be now on one side and then on the other, and is utterly unreliable. The American is supposed to know nothing and to be interested only in making dollars. Scandinavians, Dutch and Swiss are dull beyond recovery. Colored people are mere children and of course the yellow ones remain the great peril.

That leaves practically nobody unscathed, except perhaps Hungary.

If he is an Englishman, he may have been taught not to worry about all that sort of thing, but to remember once for all that all foreigners are under a curse, that of not being British. They're all alike in that respect. Therefore he cannot help despising and discounting them all, except for a tribe which is not negligible, since

it holds the Britons themselves under its domination. I mean the Scotch.

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What strikes me is that the xenophobic attitude is always acceptable in small details and absurd as a whole. Each single criticism has some basis and contains some truth. But the sum total is nothing short of ridiculous—I hope, at least, that everybody will agree to that.

In France, I know plenty of good people who believe that their country is the victim of a conspiracy, with the heads in Moscow, Geneva, London, Berlin, and a few other capitals. I can't blame them because I discovered the same extremely simple explanation of the world situation everywhere—the villains being different of course.

Take the Peace Treaties of twenty years ago. The French did not gain anything from them, because of the aforesaid conspiracy. The Italians received nothing at all (in spite of their seven finest cruisers to-day being called Trente, Trieste, Pola, Fiume, Zara, Gorizia and Bolzano). The Germans were the victims of a world coalition. The Russians know that all capitalist nations (i.e. all nations except one) are banded together against that single one, their own. The English find the League of Nations hopelessly crowded with inferior races. The Americans keep aloof from that wicked World Court where justices bear such unpronounceable foreign names, as one Senator remarked indignantly.

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The conclusion is clear: Whoever we are, "the whole world hates us, and plots against us," and we are alone,—and so feels the other fellow.

Yet as a matter of fact, the world goes on, we are parts of it, we are in the same boat with all those, and they with us.

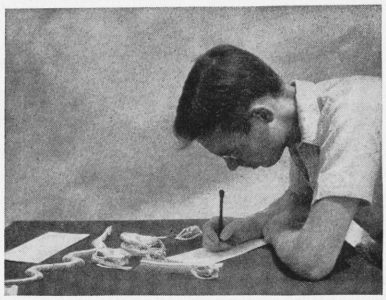
So what?

Xenophobia unknown—Folk dancing at the German School

In the Cause of Science

By THE EDITOR

ANYONE squeamish about unexpectedly encountering bleached and hollow-eyed skulls in odd corners and cranies should never be tempted to ring a doorbell at 716 Crescent Parkway, Westfield, New Jersey. Normally the household there is ordered and orthodox, but there is no advance certainty that a visitor will ring the doorbell during a period of absolute normalcy. There is always the possibility of walking into a You-Can't-Take-It-With-You atmosphere, finding the dining room table spread temptingly with a few bat, weasel, or armadillo skulls, a strange aroma coming from the kitchen where flesh, brains and marrow are being worked out of a calf head, or a still more pungent odor coming from the garage where an enormous mammal of some sort is being dissected.



COURTESY STATEN ISLAND ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Snake skeletons under observation of Mr. Pratt

Loring W. Pratt, Middlebury bio-chemist and osteologist of the senior class, is responsible for all this scientific sculduggery on Crescent Parkway. Most of his collection of three score skulls, ranging from monkeys, rabbits, opossums, and pigs to alligators, turkeys, calves and cod, have been relegated to the attic on the insistent advice of his mother, but a stray skull of *Homo sapiens*, a sea robin or a woodchuck frequently finds a place downstairs during a period of feverish study or research.

Alumni who feel that academic stamina and intellectual curiosity of undergraduates have been depreciating ever since *they* graduated will be disappointed again when they look into Loring's twenty-one year biography. It would be an inaccuracy to refer to his skull collecting as a hobby, for it has passed beyond that stage into extracurricular scholarly research of rather advanced character for an undergraduate. Yet aside from the proclivity to bones he is an average student, ranked by the Registrar in the middle third of his class, given to low grades in German and Mathematics, and Phi Beta Kappa ranking in subjects like Contemporary Civilization, Philosophy, and Biology. And Loring has always conformed to the average criteria of youth, an ardent fisherman, good marksman, camper, scout, and he is manager of the College tennis team for 1939-40.

At the age of five he could identify most of the wild flowers in New Jersey, and turned to bugs and butterflies. At seven he was a fixture on the banks of the Delaware during the summer, with perch and eels as his major trophies. At nine he started going to summer camps, ventured further into nature study and a few years later became Nature Counsellor for a whole camp. By the time he was fourteen, in spite of his minority, he had become a crack hunter under careful guidance—and right there the skull story starts. His first shot with a 12-gauge gun brought down a rare bird, later identified as a Rough Legged Hawk.

It was far too uncommon a prize to bury in the garden and so it went to the taxidermist. Loring went with it, camped on his footstool, and drilled the taxidermist with questions during all the operations of mounting the bird, and a few days later, as a reward for his curiosity, he took home a bear head, as well as the mounted hawk. The bear head was rather stale for taxidermy so Loring got the bright idea of cooking it on the kitchen stove and saving the skull. Mother reluctantly acquiesced and to the surprise of all a fine white bear skull was shortly ensconced on the mantle. Next a fox head was acquired and the first enthusiasm for studying relationship of skulls was aroused. Most of the common types of domesticated animals, game, fish, fowl, and reptiles were added to the collection and during his four years in high school it almost required the services of an agency to keep his speaking engagements straight. He appeared—with skulls—before Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs, the

American Legion, "Y" Men's and Craft Clubs, school assemblies, broadcast over WOR on the Hobby Lobby Hour, and displayed his collection in store windows during National Boy Scout Week.

The acquisition of a human skull (under quite legal circumstances) was one of his early ambitions and the word got about. Excitment over the Lindberg kidnapping was still in the air when one day a strange woman who refused to give her name, phoned his home and left word for him to stop at a certain address; she had a little gift for him. All was shrouded in secrecy. Telephone numbers were substituted for names and the hushed tone of the voice added to the mystery. Loring was evidently to appear alone. However, his father decided he had best participate too and take along a witness for good measure. The car was parked in view of the address given and Loring went to the front door and rang the bell. The door creaked open and the strange lady thrust into his hand a paper bag with the top tightly twisted. Tremblingly it was untwisted and peering out of the bottom of the bag was the human skull he had been wanting for his collection.

Later it turned out that the woman's son, a medical student, had owned it, and after giving up medicine had decided to pass it on to some one more interested. The woman had been reading in the local papers about Loring's Rotary Club talk.

During the past year the emphasis turned to marine skulls almost entirely, brought on by frequent fishing trips off the Maine coast. The summer of 1938 was spent at New York University where, in addition to some make-up work for Middlebury, he carried on a library search for information on the flounder, with frequent visits to the fish market.

One day he called home in the middle of the morning to warn his family that he had been to the Fulton Fish Market and obtained a shark and a sturgeon. Would mother please meet him with the car? It sounded like bad news as the weather was warm, but the fish proved to be relatively small and no great difficulty arose. The fish were dissected and properly disposed of before they became really rank. The family felt the storm was over and were quite relieved. However, it was only the lull before the real blow. Pratt had been invited by the local fish dealer in Westfield to go with him to the Fulton Fish Market early in the morning and see the whole activity of the place from the inside. They left at five o'clock in the morning. Later in the forenoon another phone call informed Mrs. Pratt that they were on their way back with a "whale." This incredible turn of events proved to be true to the extent that they had purchased a porpoise, a variety of whale, weighing between 300 and 400 pounds. The creature was placed in the window of the fish store for the remainder of that day, and then Loring and his father brought it home in the trailer, and deposited it in the garage. The weather was very warm and whales possess a very decided heavy odor even when fresh. This time the weather was not cooperating. What could be done with the animal, and how, was an insurmountable problem to the parents, but not for the young scientist. His plans were evidently clear cut, and he proceeded with his preparations in orderly fashion. Fortunately the neighbors on both sides were away on vacation, or the successful conclusion of this incident would never have been recorded.

About dusk the activities began in the tightly closed garage with elaborate and complete measurements; photo-flood lamps were turned on and a series of pictures made from various points of vantage. Then the real work started. Mr. Pratt became the surgeon's assistant, held with a gaff the large sections of flesh and blubber as his son cut, sliced, and dissected until he had the complete story of the digestive, circulatory and other systems contained in the ample frame of this monstrous fish or mammal. As flesh was removed, it was placed in large baskets and eventually the animal was reduced to a pile of bones carefully stacked in a basket. But it took all night; the sun was high in the sky before two perspiring and fragrant scientists were ready to call it a job. By previous arrangement the Scavenger appeared at 7:30 a. m. and hawled off, much to his disgust and their delight, six full bushels of the foulest smelling refuse he had probably ever handled, but as a result of the escapade Loring added to his collection another complete skeleton.

Ever since Loring can remember he has wanted to go to Medical School [*Continued on page 20*]

Godfather of Bread Loaf

By THE EDITOR

ROBERT FROST has come to Bread Loaf to stay. For twenty years he has come to both school and conference, absorbing Bread Loaf while Bread Loaf ingested him. If Bread Loaf was on trial, the case is won. After spending the past summer under the mountain, he is persistently searching for a permanent summer home within walking distance of the School. There are two things Mr. Frost intensely dislikes: being feted and being held in awe. He likes to be one of a group, and Bread Loafers accept him quietly as one of them—and with very good reason, for there are few visitors more familiar to that mountain campus than he. Although reticent about claiming the title, he was actually a co-founder of both the English School and Writers' Conference. Among the scores of prominent men of letters who have come and gone, he is the one whose association has been most consecutive since 1921.

Miss Moore consults Mr. Frost on an interpretation of "Snow"

"Meddling" is the term Mr. Frost attaches to his part as Bread Loaf counsellor and prompter. He has been "meddling" for two decades, and may well be called godfather of Bread Loaf. After the successive deans and directors of the School and Conference, he has perhaps played the largest role in "bringing up" Bread Loaf.

"We want something real going on in our English classes everywhere," was his challenge to Dean Davison two decades ago. It was his way of expressing impatience with that high school education which is merely cramming for college entrance examinations, a form of tutoring, studying the anatomy of literature rather than the literature itself, a kind of English designed merely to develop ability to write a correct business letter. Mr. Frost believed that literature could be made at Bread Loaf and he further believed that it would be made, to a degree, by the Bread Loafers as high school teachers, stimulating boys and girls to genuine creative writing.

In the twenty years that Mr. Frost has been connected with the School he has reasserted that challenge many times, lest the place become a "mere summer resort for routine education in English." Three lines, he claims, will always be stretching out for importance at Bread Loaf: the academic, the Bohemian, and the literary. The long supporting line of the triangle must always be the literary and the shortest line —as short as possible—the Bohemian. He says very little about the academic line, for he has always been suspicious of formal education, but grants that there must be history, philosophy, criticism, as long as this line does not outreach the purely literary. This preachment, he feels, has established him as a "mild heretic," a sort of "in-law outlaw," and he admits that the concessions made to this heresy are what have kept him at Bread Loaf.

Inevitably this "heresy" has been misunderstood by the academicians. To those who are inclined to believe that he is talking down scholarship in under-emphasizing the academic, he replies: "We don't want to do anything with a book that the writer didn't write it for. Books meant to be read should be read, not studied. The trouble with education today is

that the teacher has become a split personality. He is the man who knows that which he can't teach and the man who teaches that which he doesn't know. All there is to teaching is catching people at something intellectual, letting the student see what he is seeing.

"Education is a kind of insurance against being made a fool of by failure and being made a fool of by success. There is no student or scholar who is not self-made, though there are two kinds of self-made man, the one made in college and the other not. Sensitive people who possess their souls through any kind of trouble do so because they are educated. There are few students worth being handled in a tutorial way. I judge a person of magnitude by the pressure he seems to have got up. It is where you shut yourself off in the easy expression that you get up your pressure. Never larrup your emotions. With the poet the emotions are a medium of business; restraining them need not be confused with puritanism. Take sides against your emotions; let the balloon be blown up on the inside, but don't try to make it swell by pulling from the outside.

"I like to measure up poetry to everything. I don't think there is anything very important without poetry. I don't think mathematics, science, is important without poetry, or amounts to much. A school of this kind, set amid the beauties of nature, I think would be a dismal thing—it would be a mere credit-hunting summer school up here—but for the bent of poetry. That is the thing that made Bread Loaf what it is—that bent."

If institutions of higher learning offered an honorary Doctorate in Conversation, Mr. Frost would undoubtedly hold the degree in addition to all the Litt.D's and L.H.D.'s he has received from Vermont, Yale, Middlebury, Bowdoin, Wesleyan, Columbia, Dartmouth, Pennsylvania, Bates, and Harvard, for he has made the perfection of the art of conversation his life work. Years ago he faced the accusation that his poetry was "conversational." Then and there he determined to make an asset of what reviewers then considered a defect; he decided to develop that quality until it became his strength rather than his weakness. From that time on, all of his poems have been designedly conversational—and his conversation poetry. If he were given a title at Bread Loaf, Visiting Professor of Conversation would fit. Bread Loaf has not become "institutionalized"; conversational instruction is what matters, and Robert Frost loves it for that reason.

The one feature in which he is most interested is the opportunity to talk informally with students who are doing something creative. "Teachers," he says, "are paid to like a certain number of students every year. The editor isn't supposed to like any of us. There is a terrible gap between a teacher's praise and an editor's praise. At Bread Loaf we'd like to close the gap." Not that Mr. Frost is ever over-generous with praise. The highest [*Continued on page 21*]

Bread Loaf stage set for the adaptation of "Snow"

A Quest for Data

By JAMES M. D. OLMSTED, '07, *Chairman, Division of Physiology, University of California Medical School; Author of "Claude Bernard, Physiologist."*

WHEN a physiologist turns from his experimenting and tries his hand at biography, even of another physiologist, the more rigid-minded of his fellow scientists demand an explanation, if not an apology. Your editor has given me the opportunity of giving some account of how my apparent dereliction from duty came about.

I was faintly appalled at the statement of one of the reviewers of "Claude Bernard, Physiologist" that I had spent fifteen years in preparation for writing this book. I was really appalled when I cast back in my mind and found that I had been mulling over the data for more than twenty years. My interest in the greatest physiologist of the last century was first aroused by the late J. J. R. Macleod, Nobel prize winner for his work on insulin, while I was a member of his staff at the University of Toronto in 1921. I was working on the taste buds of the tongue and the small nerve, the chorda tympani, innervating them. Dr. Macleod asked me if I had ever consulted Bernard's original work on this small nerve. I had not. In Dr. Macleod's library was a full set of the first edition of Bernard's published lectures in physiology and with my perusal of them began my acquaintance with the master physiologist at first hand.

It is not my intention to describe here the digestion of the thousands of pages of Bernard's recorded experimental work which may be consulted in any good medical library, or the construction of a card catalogue of hundreds of references and abstracts, but rather to say something about the lighter aspects of the search for data which led me far afield and into odd places. It does not matter to the passionate biographer if days are consumed in a quest which results in only a line or two. After all, a single paragraph may give a touch which will make the character come alive. I heard a criticism of recent biographies of scientists written by other scientists before I began my own writing, to the effect that these books are seldom anything more than catalogues of scientific achievement, and in no sense real biographies. This was a fault which I hoped to avoid.

My quest for data may be said really to have begun in 1931 in the Bibliothèque Royale in Brussels. There I came across an extremely rare work of Claude Bernard. It was a play which he had written while serving as a druggist's apprentice in Lyons. The rejection of this play by an eminent French critic with the comment, "You have done some pharmacy, study medicine. You have not the temperament of a dramatist," had decided Bernard's future career. This literary effort of his extreme youth was not published until after his death and was then withdrawn from circulation on a court order granted to Bernard's widow after her successful suit against the author of its preface for defamation of character. The few surviving copies are to be found only in large libraries like the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris and the British Museum in London, although after several years' search I have obtained a copy for my own collection of Bernardiana. When I read this play I found it very little worse than the majority of French romantic dramas of the day. All this led me to undertake a short article about this comparatively unknown work and the circumstances of its writing. But I found that the published details of Bernard's private life were extremely meager. There was only one full length biography of Bernard in English and one in French. In neither was there more than the barest mention of his parentage, early life, marriage and lonely old age. My curiosity led me on to dig up more facts.

I learned by accident in 1934 that the nearest surviving relative of Claude Bernard was his great nephew, who still lives in the old farm house in which Bernard was born. Correspondence with M. Devay revealed that he had many relics of his great uncle and that a visit to St. Julien, Rhône, Bernard's birthplace, would repay me the trouble. This was the sort of thing which could be combined with the professor's proverbial holiday abroad. The summer of 1935

in Beaujolais was terrifically hot and I was grateful for the shelter of the somewhat stuffy parlor filled with Bernard's mother's furniture. Here I spent many hours leafing over Bernard's old notebooks and papers. M. Devay was kindness itself and brought out the trial pages of Bernard's reception speech at the French Academy, his abstract of Auguste Comte's lectures, his account book showing how many barrels of wine he sold from his ancestral vineyard, even the list of books from his library which he had lent out to friends. There were personal objects ranging from his academician's sword and jeweled orders, presented by foreign monarchs, to the peculiar knife with which he sharpened his quill pen and a lock of his hair. Upstairs was the empire bed in which he was born, the eagles on the four posts having been removed after Napoleon's downfall and never replaced. In this same room was the desk at which his father sat when he taught the village school children, the brass handles of which still remain twisted after the riots of over a hundred years ago. The very vineyards which had yielded Bernard hundreds of gallons of red wine spoke of the physiologist, for at the time of his death he was attempting to discover the chemical processes going on during fermentation, and almost the last experiments he performed were done there in a shed at St. Julien.

I was led on to explore the streets of the city of Lyons only a few kilometers away from St. Julien on a sweltering day when the centigrade thermometer translated into Fahrenheit was close to 100° in the shade. Here I located the pharmacist's shop where over a hundred years ago Bernard learned to roll pills and fold papers for bottle tops. Its present owner, a jeweler, had jazzed up the front in modern fashion quite incongruous with the rest of the facade of the old building. The public library of Lyons yielded an autographed letter and several pamphlets not available elsewhere, while in the courtyard of the university I was able to photograph the statue of my hero clad in a laboratory apron and holding a frog board complete with frog in his hand.

COURTESY HARPER AND BROTHERS

Claude Bernard and his pupils, 1876

Back in Paris, one of my greatest finds was a bundle of notes and letters in Bernard's own handwriting addressed to Mme. Raffalovitch preserved in the library of the Institutut de France. Strangely enough, this correspondence had never been consulted by anyone writing on Bernard. The librarian graciously gave me permission to read it and I carefully put back between the folded pages of one letter a few dried violets, the first which had appeared one spring at St. Julien and which Bernard had sent the lady in Paris. When my biography was published in 1938 I was informed that the patriotic librarian was furious because it was not a Frenchman who had first made use of this valuable material, and that he even regretted the permission he had lightly given to an apparently harmless American.

Among the treasures at St. Julien had been Bernard's album in which he kept the photographs of all his friends and contemporaries. There happened to be two copies of the photograph of Bernard's master, François Magendie, and my covetous look was too much for M. Devay. With a smile he presented me with one of them. The possession of this photograph together with the realization that I had soaked up such a wealth of detail about French physiology of the last century in the course of my work on Bernard made it seem positively wasteful not to put both information and photograph to some further use. Who could resist proceeding to a biography when already provided with the perfect frontispiece? As the period during which the careers of Bernard and Magendie overlapped had already been covered, it only remained to continue my researches so as to cover the previous half century and there would be a biography of Magendie.

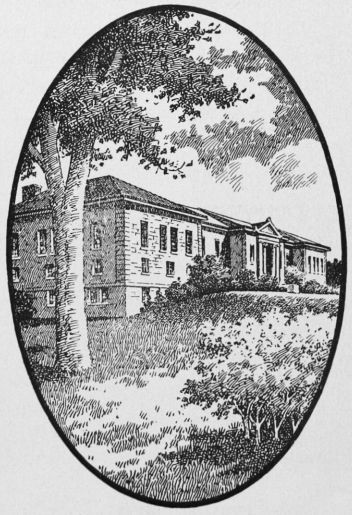
This was the principal object of my eight months in Europe in 1938 when, in spite of having to dodge back and forth across the English Channel in an attempt to avoid war, or the rumor of war, I succeeded in unearthing considerable data about Bernard's

[*Continued on page 21*]

The Life Academic

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

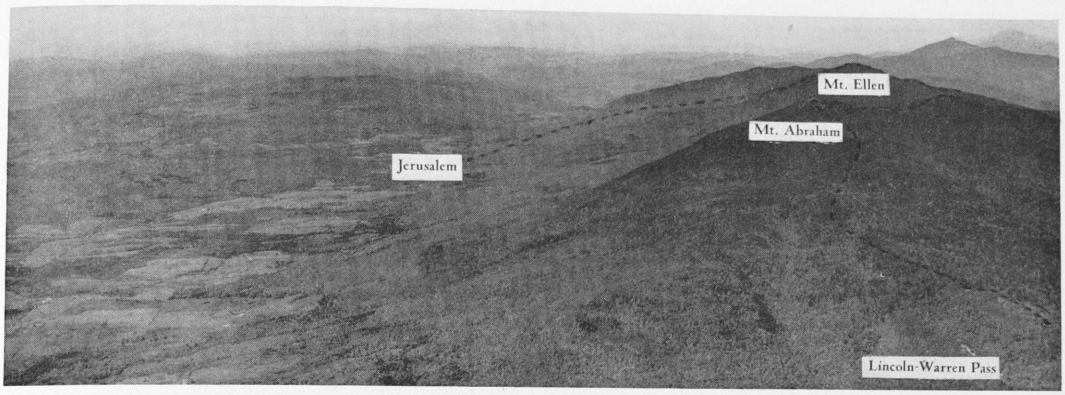
PERHAPS because of that tendency to regard grass in other pastures as greener than in one's own, a quite extensive mythology has developed about various professions and, outside those professions, flourishes luxuriantly. A doctor is either a Man in White standing in a circle of bright light above a sheeted figure, absorbed, intent, pausing only to ask an attendant nurse if the sponge count is correct;—or he is a gangling angel of mercy with no nonsense about him, plunging through a storm to extract safety pins from a child's throat. Actresses are women who call every one 'darling' and who, sveltely tailored, silver-foxed and orchided, are forever rushing off to play paper-and-pencil games with Alexander Woollcott and Noel Coward. Sea captains are bronzed and taciturn and often have the gift of second sight which saves their ships from ice-bergs. Journalists are a hard-drinking, hard-writing crew who, "last week in Babylon, last night in Rome," wish they could get away from it all. Lawyers are silver tongued (the best ones are silver haired and slim as well) and always for the defense unless they are fearless young district attorneys elected on a reform ticket and out to bust the police commissioner. Clergymen are either mystics who should live in monasteries or hearty young men who are wonderful with "young people" and occasionally emit a damn just like you or me. Authors (male) are happy in old tweeds if they can just whistle to their dogs. Authors (female) are perfectly happy (though they never look it, one languid hand preventing their heads from falling into vases of flowers) if they have made enough money to buy a tiny cottage in Vermont. (Poets are different. They are not happy.) And college professors are absent-minded folk who put their umbrellas to bed and stand in the hat rack all night. They are forever strolling, forever dreaming as they stroll beneath the immemorial elms of the campus.



Professions are apt to be mutually exclusive. Obviously, to practice any profession requires a certain amount of discipline and specialized knowledge. To practice that profession well requires too much time and energy to expend on other professions. Anyone who has heard two doctors or two musicians really deep in conversation knows that they are as good as unintelligible to the lay ear. And yet the academic profession is one which reaches a great way—far beyond any campus: it is one which has at least touched a great many people, the academic atmosphere is one in which an awful lot of people have spent at least four years. And there is more nonsense about it in novels than any other profession. There are good novels about doctors, lawyers, merchants, musicians, actors. There is, to date, no good novel about a college professor or a college.

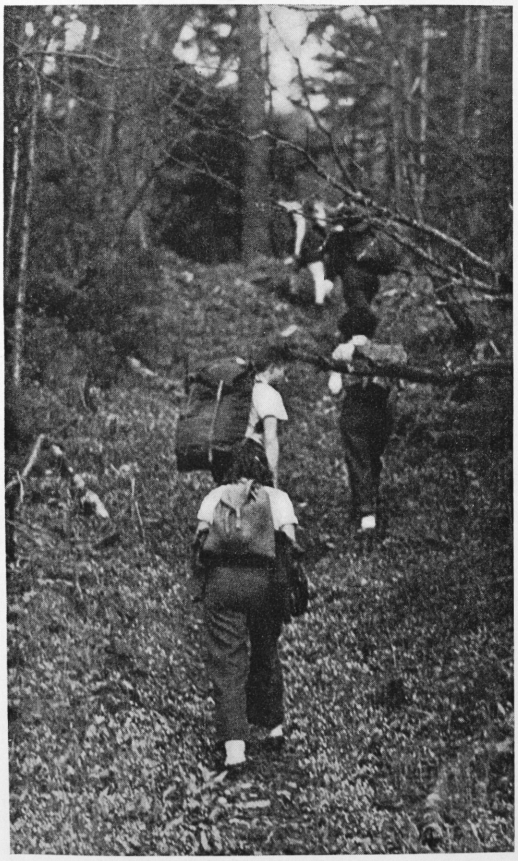
It is not for want of trying. The most common example of the college novel is the one written to expose the failings of the author's Alma Mater. The author, or hero, has been a student, too rebellious, too sensitive, too eager to learn, too ardent after truth and beauty to conform to the nasty stereotyped mould into which the college wished to press him. (From the point of view of the college's administrative authorities, the hero was more likely an off-ox exploiting his nuisance value; and the truth probably lies somewhere in between, but there is no time to stop for that now.)

There is a certain sameness to all these novels, due to the attitude with which they are written. They belong to the chip-on-the-shoulder school. The hero, poor dupe, comes to college really wanting to learn. He is obstructed by fellow students [*Continued on page 20*]



Pilgrimage to Ellen

By THE EDITOR



Ascending Mt. Ellen

FROM any high point on the campus may be seen to the northeast a long sprawling mountain ridge against the horizon, inaccurately referred to as Lincoln Mountain. Actually this ridge is a succession of peaks, each propped against the other, standing left to right: Mt. Ellen, General Cutts Peak, Lincoln Peak, and Mt. Abraham.

Among all the collection of mountains which Joseph Battell acquired, this ridge was his favorite. Near the top of Mt. Abraham he built a modest log hotel and to it constructed a carriage road which, in all likelihood, only a Morgan horse could ascend with any sort of load behind. And Ellen was chosen as the scene of his "scientific novel", *Ellen or the Whisperings of an Old Pine* and its fantastic namesake given title role in the book.

The ridge has changed little since Ellen used to haunt the erudite pine. Early in the summer a group of Middlebury faculty, set out to explore this favorite Battell terrain. Taking an approach trail at Jerusalem, they climbed to Glen Ellen Lodge (elev. 3450 ft.) where the night was spent, and the following day ascended Mt. Ellen (third highest elevation in the state, 4135 ft.) and continued on the crest of the range over Lincoln Peak and Mt. Abraham, returning to the highway at Lincoln-Warren Pass.

Preparing dinner

Collecting a mattress

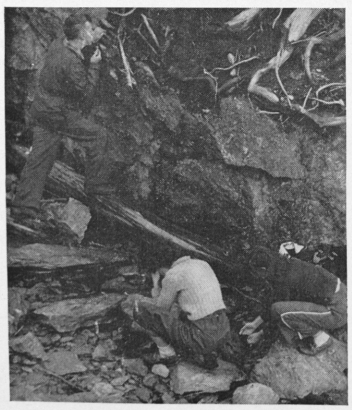
Dinner for eight

The hike was fairly typical of overnight mountain trips taken by Middlebury students and faculty. For instructors who had been working overtime on "blue books," it was an exhausting grind to Glen Ellen Lodge (see cover plate), requiring over three hours for the three mile ascent.

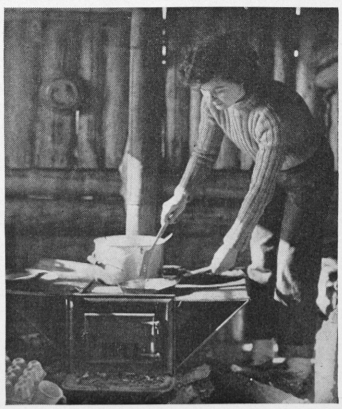
Less typical of the Long Trail, however, was the elaborate menu prepared for dinner: a Hungarian Gulyas. The recipe called for carrots, celery, green pepper, onions, chopped steak, potatoes, kidney beans, peas and tomatoes with seasoning of pepper corn, caraway seeds, sugar, and paprika. All shared in preparing the meal. Mr. Wyman Parker, college librarian, and Mr. John Andrews, assistant professor of Philosophy, peeled potatoes (upper left) while Dr. Hillis Kaiser, new chairman of the Philosophy department, and Mrs. Kaiser, cut spruce and balsam boughs for the bunks (upper center). The meal and after-dinner informalities (upper right) were not concluded until nearly midnight when all retired listening to the soughing of Ellen's pines and the rush of Glen Ellen's brook at the foot of the cliff on which the lodge stands.

There are no private baths on the Long Trail. While Mr. Andrews shaves, Mrs. Storrs Lee and Mrs. Kaiser publicly wash for breakfast in the cold mountain stream (lower left). Mrs. Kaiser played chef (lower center) for a breakfast of stewed fruit, scrambled eggs, coffee, dried beef and cream served on toast. One seldom-honored rule of the trail is to leave more dry wood cut for the next party than was found on arrival. Mr. Benjamin Wissler, head of the Physics department, chopped a generous pile, as his wife gave instructions from the door (lower right).

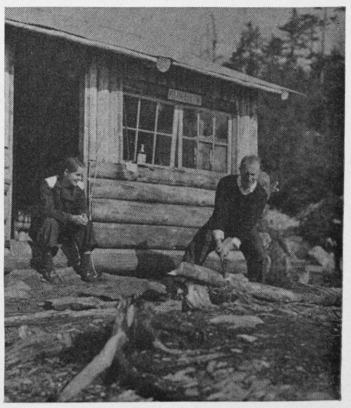
The crest of Ellen was heavily buried in blown mist as the party climbed toward the summit. At "Spinulose Fern Spring," a mid-morning



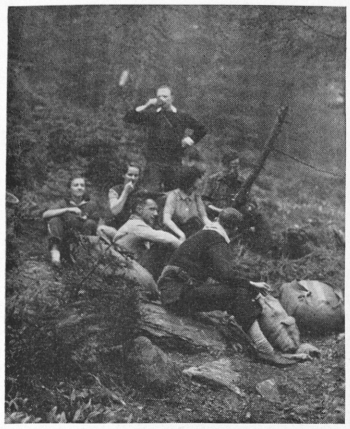
Morning laundry



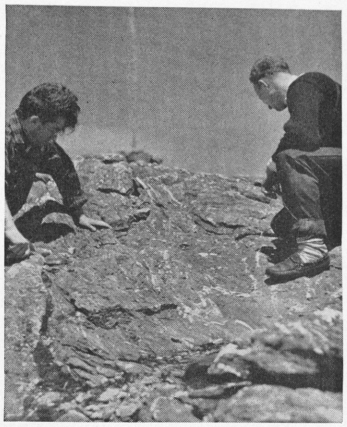
Breakfast coming up



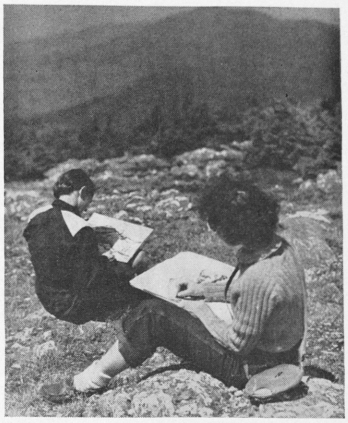
More fire wood



Morning snack



Studying rocks



Ellen in charcoal

pause was called for refreshment (upper left) with a round of raisins, chocolate, and cigarettes.

The Green Mountain timber line is disrespectful of altitude. Mt. Ellen is completely covered with trees, whereas the crest of Lincoln Peak, over a hundred feet lower, is bare. Mrs. Wissler and Mrs. Kaiser sketch Battell's favorite Mt. Ellen (upper right), while their husbands examine rock formations (upper center). This peak was completely covered with ice during the glacial period, but weathering has made striations difficult to find.

Many sections of the Long Trail were virtually obliterated by the hurricane last fall. Every hiker is expected to do his share in clearing falls on the trail. Mr. Parker (lower left) wields an axe on some of the trees blocking the trail.

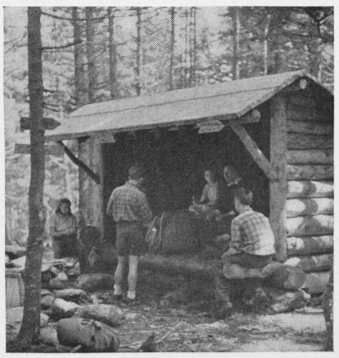
Near Battell Shelter (lower center), a new open lodge constructed by the government, Mr. Battell built his log hotel nearly a half century ago. The group paused here for a rest before the final lap to Lincoln-Warren Pass. Gradually the coniferous trees were left behind as the group descended (lower right) to the pass.

In the introduction to *The Whisperings of an Old Pine* Mr. Battell wrote prosaically,

> "Ellen's Mountain, the scene of this novel, . . . is still very largely covered with forest, and the upper portion of it with the original spruce, whose dark green hue, extending formerly over all her mountain ranges, gave to Vermont her name. The author is very happy to be able to say that he has succeeded in purchasing the larger part of this mountain, some 4000 acres, and has arranged so that it may be permanently kept as a park for the benefit of the citizens of Vermont, and all others who may be disposed to visit the charms of its location or to behold the wonderful views from its summit."

On his centennial, representatives of The Middlebury faculty join with other Long Trail enthusiasts in expressing gratitude to Mr. Battell.

Clearing trail



Pause at Battell Shelter

Descent to Lincoln-Warren Pass

RALPH WALDO EMERSON IN MIDDLEBURY

[*Continued from page 7*]

praise and censure appear in the newspaper account, in hard, unmingled hunks. *The Register's* report gives the effect of two contrary-minded auditors letting fly with brick-bat and bouquet:

"Tuesday morning the Philomathesian Society held its anniversary, the Pres. of the Society, Oscar D. Scott, presiding. A procession was formed at the college, which, marshalled by the Keene Cornet Band, marched to the Congregational church, which was already filled by a large audience. Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered an address, and held the audience spell-bound, though everyone was ready to affirm that they did not like him. His subject was 'Greatness, as developed by the heroic student.' The address disappointed many who expected a brilliant performance; but, aside from its rambling looseness, it was a model of excellence in matter and manner of treatment. His style of delivery was a studied effort at stupidity, and yet was attractive in spite of it. No abstract short of full notes would do justice to the performance." (Aug. 11, 1868)

From what we know of the reception accorded Emerson's more famous speeches, the Phi Beta Kappa address and the Divinity School address, it is reasonable to infer that the enthusiasm came from the younger members of the audience, and the hostility from the pillars of orthodoxy, as we are assured by Oliver Wendell Holmes was the case in these better-known instances. "I fare . . . well enough in the good affection of the young and the intellectual," Emerson had previously written with his habitual modest understatement to his wife Lidian.

That his doctrine was regarded as bringing the snake along with Eden finds further confirmation in the legend, attributed by one biographer to his Waterville address of 1841 and by the other to the Middlebury oration of 1845, that the presiding clergyman dismissed the gathering with prayer that they might be delivered from ever again hearing such transcendental nonsense from the sacred desk. Emerson, the story goes, asked the name of the clergyman, and said, "He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man." Such an anecdote fits in logically with what we know of the atmosphere surrounding his Middlebury appearance, and quite probably occurred here, though unless some contemporary auditor's account turns up we can never have absolute certainty.

Emerson himself records in his *Journal* that he stopped at Middlebury on the 11th (Aug., 1868) Tuesday, "and read my discourse on Greatness, and the good work and influence of heroic scholars." This time he did not, as formerly, hurry away at once from the state, but spent the following day at Essex Junction exploring the Winooski River, and Thursday, in company with his daughter Ellen, climbed Mount Mansfield. His *Journal* records at some length and with detailed appreciation his impressions of Vermont scenery. In the letter to his brother William of Aug. 24, 1868 he mentions the trip more briefly, in phraseology as pithy and succinct as that of the region he describes:

"Ellen is at Beverly, and, I suppose, has told you of our visit to the mountains from Middlebury. Mountains speak one speech to youth and age. . . ."

IN THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE

[*Continued from page 11*]

after graduating from college. Not until last fall did he even begin to consider any other field. It was then that he began to look over possibilities in museum work as an alternative, should Medical School be inaccessible for some unforeseen reason. He finds prospect of openings in Museums unpromising, for their finances seem universally to be at such a low ebb that a private income is essential.

But he is unusually well equipped for either future. He has been dividing his time during the summer between the Barrett Park Zoo on Staten Island and the American Museum of Natural History. At the Zoo he made a comparative study of snake skulls, assisted in snake surgery, did autopsies on mammals as well as snakes and was even given opportunity to handle live snakes. At the American Museum he had the rare opportunity of working as student laboratory technician directly under Dr. Walter Granger, Hon. '32. And next fall he is slated for an assistantship in Comparative Anatomy at Middlebury under Dr. Longwell.

If during his last year in college Loring should happen to find a "backer" or a museum with an endowment sufficient to take him on, he may continue his work in osteology; but he is hoping to enter Medical School in 1940 and devote his life to living rather than bleached skulls.

THE LIFE ACADEMIC

[*Continued from page 16*]

and faculty alike from engaging in this high endeavor. The president of the college is apt to persecute him, too. College presidents in these books are pompous hypocrites, incompetent too, who in real life could not hold down a clerkship in a hardware store. The faculty, to a man, is composed of moss-backed reactionaries. Sometimes, for spice, there is a professor who is vicious. More frequently there is one young professor or—even more frequently—one professor's wife who sees eye to eye with the hero and suffers as he does. We do not really need any more novels about this.

Such interest as these books have is the rather spurious one of missing identity. Which college is it? Union? Amherst? Middlebury? Who is being exposed? If the author says it is in Ohio it is really in New England. If one cares enough one can usually find out from which college the author departed—with or without his diploma. That will be it.

There is another sort of college novel which has no particular axe to grind and which is written by someone, almost always, who knows something about college life (as-chip-on-the-shoulder authors usually do not) which tries to show the college as a whole. There will be a chapter about a good professor, then one about a bad professor, then one about a student, then it starts over, adding a new character every fifth chapter. The result is a smudge. These novels try to do too much and they fail, too, because they seem to be always either too genteel or too vulgar. The too genteel conjures up a campus and a lot of ivy-covered buildings peopled by dreams walking. The too vulgar is a generally "ironic" attempt to show that academic life is one long tempest in a teapot. A particularly telling example of the latter genre came out last spring in which a try was made, for once, to "humanize" the president of the college, a try, however, highly unlikely to please any college president.

Results are less smudgey but just as false when an author hits upon a specific, individual point of view; that of a discontented professor's wife or a Mr. Chips of the Latin department or an iconoclastic English instructor who wants to skip *Beowulf*. A college novel came out last year which had the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings for its hero—but it could more truly be called a novelty than a novel.

The unhappy fact remains that all these books—and there have been a lot—bear no more relation to college life than do the college movies with which we have been favored. College professors do not stroll beneath the ancient elms—they have not the time. College professors do not live in ivory towers. Ivory towers are expensive luxuries and academic salaries do not run to such. A year in the life of a college professor is different from the lay year because the academic year is cut up into several beginnings and endings. New Year's Eve doesn't mean much to a college professor. Midyears does. So does Commencement. And the academic profession is one which is forever starting fresh, every year. Every year is different and every year is the same—different students, the same pattern. As a different generation disappears every four years, a professor is hard put to it not to feel like the one unchanging monument in an ever-shifting scene—a rock left by the glacier before it went back after more rocks. College teaching may be a different sort of life from surgery or dentistry or the ministry; but it is done by the same sort of people, which is to say all sorts. (If you cut us, do we not bleed?)

Perhaps there is no explaining the life of a college in fiction, tempting as the idea will doubtless continue to be. There will be college novels, alas, for as long as people say to college professors "You're lucky, you get long vacations" and "It must keep you young, always in touch with Youth."

GODFATHER OF BREAD LOAF

[*Continued from page 13*]

praise any promising poet is likely to get is his laconic comment: "Something going on here." He treats aspirants to one of two things, "interest" and "lack of interest," and defends this pedagogy with the statement that there are only two good things in the world, acceptance and rejection. You've got to think both over. And there's nothing that gives you so much to think about as a good rejection. You can't correct a writer into importance. If there's any "dope" about writing a poem or a short story, I don't believe it.

"Coming to Bread Loaf and having your fellows read your manuscript is in itself a form of publication," he maintains. "It's the nicest way to look at the place: come to get the air and give your literature an airing. This should be a satisfactory end in itself, without trying to look beyond."

Mr. Frost's ideas on teaching of creative writing for the School of English apply even more resolutely to the Writers' Conference, for the danger of going Bohemian or commercial is greater there. He annually inserts his ideas as expressed in the preface to the *Bread Loaf Anthology*: "We go there not for correction or improvement . . . Undeniably the best form of publication is a book with a reputable house at the expense of the house. The next best is a book with a reputable house at the expense of the author. These two constitute publication in the first and second degrees. But there are several humbler degrees, among them the Bread Loaf Conference."

And in his annual lectures at the Conference there are such comments as the following:

"The whole art of writing is learning how to have something to say. One of the principal purposes of practice in writing is to make better readers, to make writers conscious of their ownership of thought.

"Don't let anyone say you cannot write because you live in an age of no faith. We are indeed in a period of complete confusion, torn between faith in democracy and faith in something to come, but you should resent being told by economists and social scientists that no art can come out of it."

"Nothing written should have much of a conclusion. Some think that the story of the human race is going to have an outcome because most books do. For this reason I hesitate to dogmatize in writing because I just don't know. Our lives are so set that they are merely projected from a little to a little more. That seems to be the only consequence."

Mr. Frost is "shy" about working in the summer and has no new volume of poems in mind at present although he is fathering several ideas for small volumes of prose. His days in Ripton are taken up principally with frequent callers from Bread Loaf and long walks over country roads and into the mountains—always by himself. He prefers not to feel obliged to talk on any of his walks. Over a period of years he has covered the entire length of the Long Trail from the Massachusetts line north, and last July challenged many a younger hiker by doing the fourteen miles between Brandon Gap and Bread Loaf in one day, carrying a twenty pound pack.

The most gratifying experience of the summer to him was the presentation of his narrative poem "Snow" at the Bread Loaf Little Theatre. The poem had never before been adapted to the stage. Mr. Frost has always regarded the dramatic as the quality indispensable to literature. "Everything written is as good as it is dramatic," he has said. "It need not declare itself in form, but it is dramatic or nothing. All that can save a sentence is the speaking tone of voice somehow entangled in the words and fastened to the page for the ear of the imagination." Mr. Frost made himself subject to his own measurement in relating that statement but it never would have occurred to any person unfamiliar with "Snow" that the poem was not written as a play in the first place. Mr. Frost admits that that is the sort of test he himself puts the poem to when it is written; he is not satisfied until each individual speaks so true to character that there is no mistaking who is talking. "Snow" was a triumph, as directed by Miss Hortense Moore and Raymond Bosworth, '29, and the author refused to have a share in directing it. He insisted on the lines holding their own. They did.

The first questions that occur to a Bread Loafer regarding Frost's poems, is which he has written at Bread Loaf, which use Bread Loaf as a locale. The answer in both instances is *none*. Frost has never written a poem at Bread Loaf and has never used the area as a setting. "The poems are 'composited'," he says. "Even when I speak of a mountain, there are three or four blended mountains."

Mr. Frost's newest idea for the "bringing up" of Bread Loaf is the establishment of a small Bread Loaf Press. He would like to see the members of both school and conference publish every year two or three little books, handsomely printed by hand and even set in type by the authors themselves. "The nicest thing you can do to a poem," he says, "after sitting around and talking about it, is to set it up and make a nice little edition."

In introducing Mr. Frost at Bread Loaf last summer, Dean Owen suggested that if the line "Good fences make good neighbors" were to be taken in good faith they'd have to build a fence between Ripton and Bread Loaf to remain neighborly with the poet. But Mr. Owen was inaccurate in his play on the line. Robert Frost is not a neighbor; he is already in the family.

A QUEST FOR DATA

[*Continued from page 15*]

master. It becomes increasingly hard to find sufficient facts about the personal life of anyone the farther removed he is from our own time. Every great man should have his contemporary Boswell, or at least someone who can interrogate those who actually knew him in his lifetime. For instance, no one seemed to know so relevant a fact as the date of Magendie's marriage. A visit to the archives in Paris brought me into the presence of a formidable elderly unmarried female, who, I had been informed by the doorkeeper, was a tartar and would probably refuse to grant me permission to consult the records. However, I turned on all the charm I possess, listened to a fifteen-minute lecture on French marriage customs, foisted off my permit to read in the Bibliothèque Nationale in lieu of the letters of authorization from the American Ambassador and three photographs demanded, and obtained the information. Here I learned for the first time that Magendie had a younger brother in the navy, who had been named Jean-Jacques after Rousseau. I even discovered in which church Magendie was married. On visiting it, the curé was most helpful and blowing the dust off the top of the century-old ledger, allowed me to copy the ecclesiastical report of the wedding. A trip to Père Lachaise disclosed, thanks to persistent effort on the part of a one-armed veteran guardian, Magendie's grave. And here it was evident that he had had a daughter. Further search disclosed that she was a stepdaughter, the child of Magendie's wife who was a widow when he married her.

Magendie had referred in one of his lectures to his country place at Sannois, a suburb of Paris. A trip here brought practically no information at the *mairie* except directions how to find the *petit chateau* where Magendie lived. I was pleased to note that a street near the chateau was named for him. The chateau, which was once a charming regency house of brick and stone, had actually been cut in two, and one half of it had long since disappeared. The other half is now untenanted and where Magendie used to breed prize stock, small jerry-built houses are covering the old estate like weeds.

While I was in Paris a friend told me of a doctor who had a marble plaque of Magendie carved by the great David d'Angers. A note from my friend gained me entry to one of the most interesting old houses in the Latin Quarter. High on the wall of a quaint salon whose windows looked down on a street where both Magendie and Bernard must have often passed, was a beautifully carved bas-relief of Magendie's profile. The elderly lady to whom it belonged never came into my sight, but I heard her voice in answer to my questions put to her son as to how the plaque came into her possession. It had come through Magendie's stepdaughter whose name had appeared on the family tomb in Père Lachaise.

These are some of the diversions belonging to the lighter side of a biographer's quest for data, and when the task is finished, they, rather than the more energy-consuming aspects of the work, are what he likes to remember.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

NEW ALUMNI OFFICERS ELECTED

National President—W. H. CARTER, '10.
Middlebury District President—J. M. AVERY, '10.
Boston District President—W. F. POLLARD, '13.
Springfield District President—R. R. SEARS, '17.
Alumni Trustee at Large—E. C. COLE, '15.

CONNECTICUT DINNER

Connecticut alumni and alumnae dined at the Hotel Bond in Hartford, Friday evening, May 19. The toastmaster was Mr. Charles Smiddy, '13, of Hartford and New London and Mr. Ralph W. Hedges, '12, president of the Connecticut alumni association had charge of arrangements. The principal speaker was President Moody. Richard A. Fear, '31, and Mrs. E. J. Wiley, '12, had charge of the musical program. Colored movies were shown. Eighty-four attended the dinner.

SPRINGFIELD DINNER

Alumni and alumnae of the Springfield District dined at the Hotel Kimball in Springfield on Saturday evening, May 20. David H. Brown, '14, president of the Springfield District of the Associated Alumni had charge of arrangements and presided at the dinner. In addition to President Moody and Mr. Wiley from the College, the speakers were Dr. Henry L. Bailey, '86, Dean Churchill of the Northeastern University branch in Springfield, Dr. Elbert C. Cole, '15, of the Williams College faculty, and Allan Hunter, '24, who also led the group in singing Middlebury songs. The attendance was thirty-six.

"CLASS OF 1800" DINES

The first reunion dinner of the "Class of 1800" of Middlebury College was held at Hepburn Hall on Saturday evening, June 10. Dr. John W. Chapman, '79, who had been in charge of arrangements presided at the dinner. The group included members of the older classes which were not holding organized reunions. Among the guests were President and Mrs. Moody, Professor and Mrs. Charles B. Wright, Miss Laila McNeil, Dr. Philip Battell Stewart and Mrs. Charles M. Swift. It is planned to make these gatherings an annual event of the Commencement week end.

1876

REV. WILLIAM A. REMELE died April 18, 1939 at Waitsfield, Vt.

1883

REV. CLAUDE M. SEVERANCE died June 15, 1939 at Jersey City, N. J. Mr. Severance had been ill over a year from a heart ailment.

1890

At the 1939 Commencement of Brown University, DR. ALBERT D. MEAD, professor of biology emeritus and former vice-president of Brown, received a degree of Doctor of Laws.

DR. JOHN M. THOMAS has accepted the presidency of Norwich University, Northfield, Vt.

1891

REV. HARRY W. JOHNSON. Address: Willsboro, Essex Co., N. Y.

1893

BENJAMIN MINER died suddenly July 6, 1939 at Bedford, Pa.

1895

RICHARD O. WOOSTER. Address: 3340 North 25th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

1899

ERNEST J. WATERMAN. Address: Brattleboro, Vt.

1900

RENA I. BISBEE married Mr. Walter H. Hadley of Northampton, Mass., June 24, 1939.

1904

DR. SAMUEL C. EVELETH died June 13, 1938 at Marblehead, Mass.

1906

D. ASHLEY HOOKER. Address: 545 No. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

1907

CHESTER M. WALCH has been elected president of the New England Modern Language Association.

1909

REV. HERBERT MCDONALD HALL. Address: Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.

1910

DR. GEORGE M. DARROW is a senior pomologist with the United States Department of Agriculture at Beltsville, Md. Home address: Bowie, Md.

MRS. EUGENE M. WARREN (Winifred Hall) died on October 7, 1938.

1911

Announcement has been made of the marriage of MRS. ELIZABETH ADAMS KEESE to Mr. Zell F. Fowler on May 31, 1939.

1912

EDWARD L. O'NEILL is a real estate manager at 97A Exchange St., Portland, Me.

1913

KENDALL S. MCLEAN. Address: 104 St. Botolph St., Boston, Mass.

MRS. WILFRID GRIFFIN (Esther Alice Boyce) died on May 9, 1939.

1916

EDWARD M. DICKINSON died suddenly July 6, 1939, at Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

ALLEN P. LOGAN. Address: 186 Fourth Ave., East Orange, N. J.

1917

J. EDWARD ROURKE married Miss Mary J. McGlone on May 3, 1939.

1918

A daughter, Audrey May, was born May 2, 1939 to MR. and MRS. BRITTON A. EVERITT.

1919

The Philatelic Research Laboratories, Inc. has opened offices at 394 Park Ave., New York City for the expertizing and identification of rare postage stamps. The laboratory will be under the direction of HAROLD D. ELLSWORTH.

1920

RAYMOND C. MUDGE. Address: 12 Eaton Court, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

1921

MACLEOD DOUTHIT died April 26, 1939 at Petersham, Mass.

1922

S. FULLER MARTIN is a Christian Science practitioner. Home address: 2540 Laurel Ave., Beaumont, Texas.

ARNOLD SWIFT was given an honorary Master of Arts degree at the 1939 Commencement of Middlebury College.

1923

A third child, Helen May, was born July 22, 1939, to MR. and MRS. WILLIAM HENRY LAWTON.

HARRY B. WELLS is a teacher of French and Latin at the Clayton Central School, Clayton, New York.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS J. HILLERS (Barbara Stilphen) announce the birth of a son, John Bullard, on May 15, 1938.

1924

JOHN G. HARDY is a life insurance underwriter located at 1387 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

1926

A daughter was born on June 18, 1939 to MR. and MRS. FRANCIS IRONS. Address: 255 Union St., Bennington, Vt.

E. MURRAY HOYT. Address: Owl's Head Harbor, Vergennes, Vt.

JOSEPH C. NOVOTNY is a director and supervisor of the Toy Loan Company in Milwaukee, Wis. Home address: 120 North 78th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

REV. and MRS. JAMES C. MCLEOD are parents of a son, James Currie McLeod, Jr., born April 6, 1939.

A daughter, Muriel Ethel, has been born to MR. and MRS. JAMES S. JACKSON, 1152 Clifton Ave., Akron, Ohio.

1927

JOSEPH L. FINNEGAN. Address: 68 Trumbull St., New Haven, Conn.

JOHN T. CONLEY has been elected president of the Vermont Council of Young Republican Clubs.

ELIZABETH HACK has been elected president of the Beacon, New York Theatre Guild. Miss Hack is the first woman president the Guild has had.

1928

ROSS H. MAYNARD died on May 17, 1939 at Rutherford, N. J.

ZENAS L. BLISS. Address: 480 West St., Walpole, Mass.

WILLIAM L. BENSON is a research chemist with the Heyden Chemical Corp., Fords, N. J.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of ADELMA HADLEY to Dr. Lynford A. Lardner of the Middlebury College faculty on June 10, 1939. Address: 2 Park St., Middlebury, Vt.

1929

KENNETH A. SHUTTS is a member of the history department of the Simsbury, Connecticut High School.

JAMES S. DEARBORN. Address: 35–30 73rd St., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y. Mr. Dearborn is employed by the New York Telephone Company.

MR. AND MRS. HAZEN M. INGS (Eleanor Holden) announce the birth of a daughter, Joanna, on May 8, 1939. Address: 8 Bailey St., Dorchester, Mass.

MRS. CATHERINE BALDWIN KEENEY and Mr. Donald Cutler Blanke of Greenwich, Conn., were married on June 21, 1939. Address: Rye, N. Y.

RUTH BLY has accepted a position as senior French instructor in the Springfield, Vt., High School.

MARY ALICE DRAKE married Mr. Clark B. Burrows on July 9, 1939.

1930

A son, Charles Slade, was born July 19, 1939 to Mr. and MRS. JOHN T. ANDREWS (Elizabeth B. Parker).

DR. GEORGE W. DAVIS. Address: 1644 Broad St., Edgewood, R. I.

HOWARD B. HUNTRESS. Address: Calkins Rd., Palmer, Mass.

JOHN O. CRAWFORD, JR. Address: 149 Marked Tree Road, Needham, Mass.

EDWARD L. CLARK married Miss Mary E. Bates in June, 1939.

WALLACE E. GREEN. Address: 332 College St., Burlington, Vt.

REV. RONALD M. STRAUS has accepted the pastorate of the Westminster Presbyterian Church of Syracuse, N. Y.

1931

MARY P. EVANS has accepted a position to teach French at the Swampscott, Mass. High School.

KENNETH A. SIMPSON. Address: Box 140, Sawkill Rd., Kingston, N. Y.

JOHN N. TWEEDY. Address: 116 Myrtle St., Boston, Mass. Mr. Tweedy married Miss Blanche Smith on July 25, 1939.

FRED B. WILLIAMS, JR. Address: 433 Rosewood Terrace, Rochester, N. Y.

RAYMOND M. BROWN was married August 5, 1937 to Miss Florence Field.

WALTON T. CROCKER married Miss Elsa Louise Kugler on May 20, 1939.

J. CALVIN AFFLECK has been promoted to Cable Representative of the Western Union Telegraph Co. Address: 1401 Boulevard East, West New York, N. J.

1932

MR. AND MRS. CHAD WALSH (Eva Tuttle) announce the birth of a daughter, Damaris Wrenn. Address: 110 N. State St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

MRS. FRED P. AUSTIN (Elizabeth Merriam). Address: 114 Rumstick Rd., Barrington, R. I.

C. ALBERT LILLY married Miss Esther Sweney on June 30, 1939.

The engagement of ROBERT N. PERRY to Miss Helen Russell Howorth has been announced.

RODERICK T. HAGENBUCKLE married Miss Mary Cruickchank on July 5, 1939.

WALTER J. ("DUKE") NELSON married Miss Marie Victoria Gerbacia on June 17, 1939.

HAROLD F. PERRY married Miss Myrtle I. Barbar on April 13, 1939. They are residing at 75 Silsbee St., Lynn, Mass. Mr. Perry is associated with the Eastern Racing Association.

1933

ROBERT T. GASS married Miss Ann Marie Gillern on June 26, 1939.

JOHN L. HARTREY, JR. married Miss Gertrude Searing on May 28, 1939.

EDWIN J. HENDRIE is treasurer and manager of the Personal Finance Co. at 15 Colony St., Meriden, Conn. Home address: 165 North Pearl St., Meriden, Conn.

RICHARD L. ALLEN married Miss Helen E. Bliss, May 20, 1939.

RALPH C. WHITNEY has been engaged to teach science in the Woodstock, Vermont High School during the coming year.

CLARK H. CORLISS married Miss Louise Hill in June, 1939.

1934

LEON W. SEARS. Address: 10 Prospect St., Northfield, Vt. Mr. Sears married REBEKAH TARBELL WINSLOW, x'36, in June, 1939.

CARL W. SEYMOUR married Miss Kathryn Dorothy Dewstoe, July 28, 1939.

RICHARD R. SMITH married Miss Mary C. Long, April 28, 1939.

HAROLD D. WATSON. Address: 105 Laurel Place, Utica, N. Y.

EDWARD W. HEARNE, JR. Address: 5543 S. Maryland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS R. NOONAN has entered the University of Rochester Medical School as a research man and instructor.

KENDALL P. THOMAS is studying at Brown University where he has a scholarship and is acting as an assistant in the science department.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN CAVANAUGH (Polly Moore) announce the birth of a daughter, Eleanor, on April 21, 1939.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of RUTH BROWN to Mr. Jonathan F. Ells of Winsted, Conn., on July 8, 1939. Address: Winsted, Conn.

JEANETTE STONE and DR. WILLIAM G. MATTESON, JR., were married on June 3, 1939. Dr. Matteson is a practicing dentist in Cohasset, Mass.

MRS. LAURENCE GOODALE (Lovina A. Foote). Address: Durham, Conn.

1935

RICHARD W. CUSHING. Address: Care of W. T. Grant Co., Beaver Falls, Pa.

DR. WALTER E. BOEHM married Miss Mary M. MacGuire in June, 1939.

DALE B. PRITCHARD married BEVALIE L. CONE, '36, June 17, 1939.

JAMES MILLAR is a budget manager for a Firestone store at Fall River, Mass. Home address: 514 Hanover St., Fall River, Mass.

JAMES S. BROCK. Address: 10 E. 40th St., Care of Liberty Mutual Ins. Co., New York City.

HARRY P. FRANZONI is a golf professional at the Silver Spring Country Club, Ridgefield, Conn.

WESLEY A. TURNER is a draftsman with the firm of Marlin Rockwell, Plainville, Conn.

JOSEPH H. JACKSON has been awarded a Junior Fellowship at Brown University.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of MARY ALICE HOWARD to Dr. Norman M. Jackson of Rumford, Maine, on June 3, 1938.

MRS. EDWARD L. RAAB (Marjorie Young). Address: 340 First St., Pittsfield, Mass.

MRS. ERIC W. CARLSON (Doris Anderson). Address: 15 Marianne Rd., Waltham, Mass.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of GRACE M. HARRIS to Mr. John A. Hornaday.

Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

ANNA MIRANTE received the degree of Doctor in Letters from the University of Florence, Italy on June 26, 1939.

1936

LAWRENCE F. LEETE is a traffic manager for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company, located at 59 Park Street, Bangor, Maine.

ROBERT H. BROWN is employed by the Williamstown Grain Company, Williamstown, Vt.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of RICHARD HUBBARD to RUTH COLESWORTHY, '39.

JOHN M. AVERY. Address: Box 48, Westport, Conn.

The engagement of HAMILTON SHEA to Miss Dorothy R. Hill has been announced.

MR. AND MRS. TRAVIS HARRIS (Margaret Leach) announce the birth of a son, Richard Brian, on May 29th, 1939.

ELIZABETH RIVENBURGH has been graduated from the School of Nursing at Western Reserve University, Cleveland. She is to be a member of the staff of the Public Health Dept. and will also serve with the Henry St. Settlement in New York City.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of E. VIRGINIA PHILLIPS to MR. RAYMOND L. WHITNEY, '37, on May 27, 1939. Address: 95 Christopher St., N. Y. C.

Announcement has been made of the marriage on July 1, 1939, of FRANCES WILKINSON to Mr. Alfred M. Russ of New York City.

BARBARA S. WARNER married Mr. William M. Barry on June 26, 1939.

1937

WILLIAM C. WARD. Address: 31 Keith Ave., Barre, Vt.

WILLIAM P. HORTON. Address: 21 Copsewood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

STANTON L. CATLIN has received the Fogg Museum Fellowship in Modern Art from Harvard.

RICHARD P. TAYLOR has been awarded a fellowship for advanced study of international affairs by the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy.

FRANK P. PISKOR has been appointd an assistant in the Maxwell School of Citizenship at Syracuse University.

BURTON D. GUILD married Miss Bertha E. Wilson on June 17, 1939.

Announcement has been made of the marriage of CAROLINE H. ELLIOTT to Mr. Stanley O. Dorst on May 27, 1939. Address: 68 Cherry St., North Adams, Mass.

DOROTHEA MATHISON has accepted a position in the Ho-Ho-Kus, N. J., Public Schools.

EDNA MASKELL was married to Mr. Malcolm G. French, Jr., of Stockbridge, Mass., on May 20, 1939. Address: 391 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

BEULAH SHEPARD is teaching biology in the Carthage, N. Y., High School.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of CATHARINE REYNOLDS to Mr. Edward Stone of Schenectady, N. Y.

CAROLINE COZZIO has accepted a teaching position at the Springfield, Vermont High School.

Mr. and MRS. KENNETH HOPPER (Susan Hathaway) are parents of a son born August 2.

1938

GEORGE E. FARRELL, JR. married Miss Mary E. Whittemore, June 10, 1939. Their home is at 42 Bernard St., St. Albans, Vt.

CHARLES I. RAND is a special agent of marine and inland marine insurance. Business address: Merchants Bank Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

BRUCE PEACH married Miss Geneva B. Perry, May, 1939.

JAMES A. LEACH is an executive trainee with the McCrory Store Corporation at Newark, N. J.

ROBERT J. M. MATTESON has received from Harvard University a graduate fellowship in preparation for the Government service.

LEWIS R. LAWRENCE is an assistant manager for the Newberry Stores at 611 Main St., South Boston, Va.

JOHN E. CRIDLAND has accepted a position in the office of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company at Honolulu, Hawaii.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of EVA E. NILES to Mr. C. E. Beebe. Address: Moss Point, Miss.

RUTH B. DUFFIELD was married to MR. PIERCE G. COUPERUS '37, on June 11, 1939. Mr. Couperus has a teaching position in the Mac-Jannett School for Young Americans in Paris, France.

The engagement of ANNA ALLEN to Mr. John S. Leslie of Wyckoff, N. J., has been announced.

RUTH E. LEWIS has accepted a position as social welfare worker for a private agency in Buffalo, N. Y.

1939

The engagement of GERTRUDE MAY BITTLE to THOMAS MURRAY has been announced.

CORNELL B. BLANDING married Miss Yvonne Leonard, June 21, 1939.

H. ELMER WESTON married Miss Frances Rice, June 17, 1939.

ROBERT I. BOYD has a position as claims investigator with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

ROBERT W. LORD has accepted a position in the publications department of the home office of the Prudential Insurance Company.

A. ROGER CLARKE is a student at Cornell Law School.

ROBERT V. CUSHMAN is a graduate assistant in the department of geology at Northwestern University.

JOHN GOLEMBESKE is a student at Syracuse University.

THOR GUSTAFSON has accepted a position with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

ELBERT F. MACFADDEN, JR. is a student at Albany Medical College.

EDWIN G. NIXON has been appointed to the faculty of the Mount Hermon School.

EDWARD E. PALMER is a student at Syracuse University.

RALPH PETRIZZI is studying at Columbia University.

H. DUNCAN ROLLASON is a graduate assistant in the Thompson biological laboratory at Williams College.

JAMES A. SINGISER is a student at Johns Hopkins Medical School.

STANLEY E. SPRAGUE is a student at Trinity College, Oxford, England.

FOSTER P. WHITWORTH, JR. has a position with the Bullard Machine Tool Company in Bridgeport, Conn.

ROLAND WOLCOTT has accepted a teaching position at the Proctor Vermont High School.

BERTHA WAITE is attending secretarial school in Whately, Mass.

Dorothy Smith has a position in The Fashion Shop, Rutland. Vt.

HAZEL DECOU BIEN, Dutton Fellow, is planning to study this year in Edinburgh, Scotland.

GERTRUDE BITTLE has accepted a position as teacher of English in the Sellersville-Perkasie High School, Sellersville, Pa.

EDITH DUBOIS has a position as teacher of French and English in the high school of Coxsackie, N. Y.

BETTY RIEXINGER is to be an assistant in the Drama Department of Middlebury College.

MARGARET RAY has entered the Juillard School of Music, N. Y. C.

ELIZABETH LETSON is a student at the Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston, Mass.

DOROTHY KORB is teaching English and coaching drama in the Orleans, Vt., High School.

IRMA FITZGERALD has accepted a position as teacher of mathematics in Bristol, Vt.

The engagement of DOROTHY DROWN to MR. PRESCOTT B. WINTERSTEEN, '35 has been announced.

MARJORIE KOHR is studying at Katharine Gibbs Secretarial School in N. Y.

ARTHENA GREGG has a position as teacher of French and Latin in the New Berlin, N. Y., High School.

MARY-ELIZABETH HEWARD is a student in the medical school of Temple University, Philadelphia, Pa.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of DOROTHY WATSON to NORMAN SMITH.

KATRINA HINCKS was married on June 25, 1939, to Mr. Hubert Trudeau of Middlebury.

EDWARD ROMEO is employed at the Middlebury Inn.